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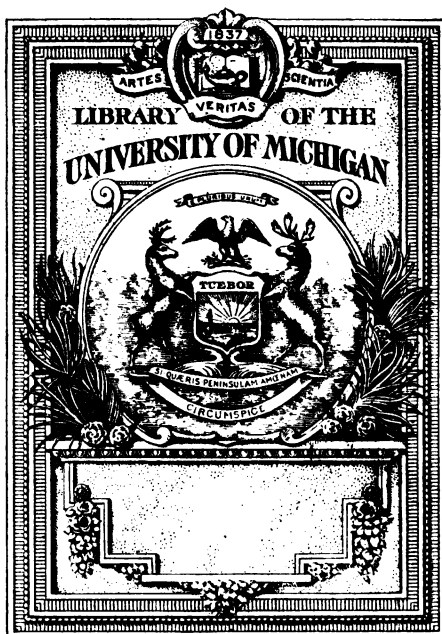
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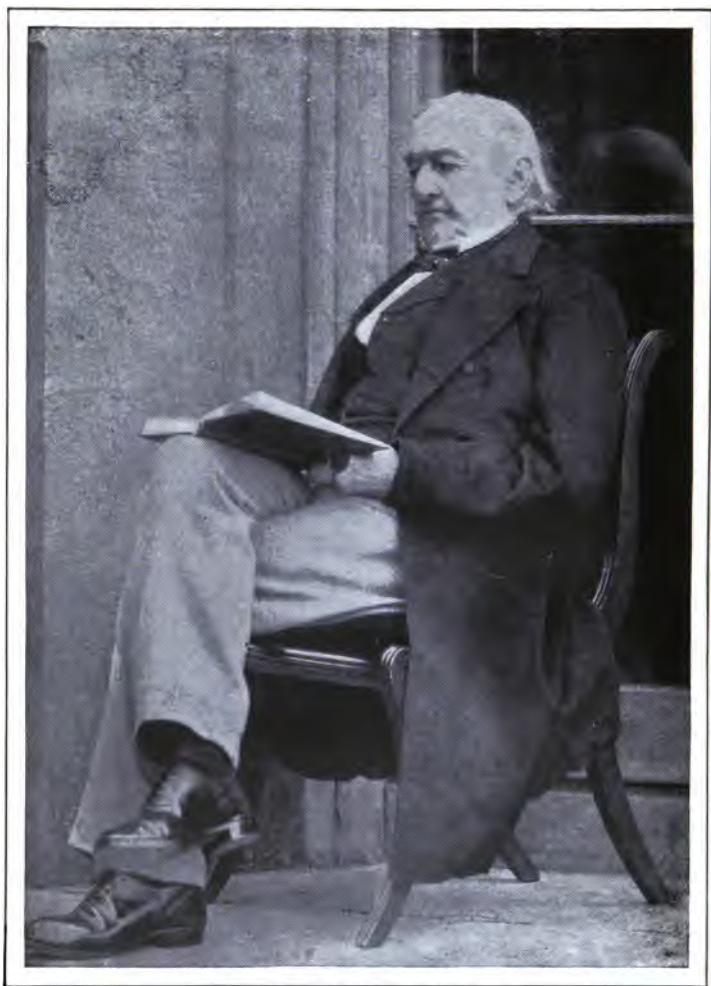
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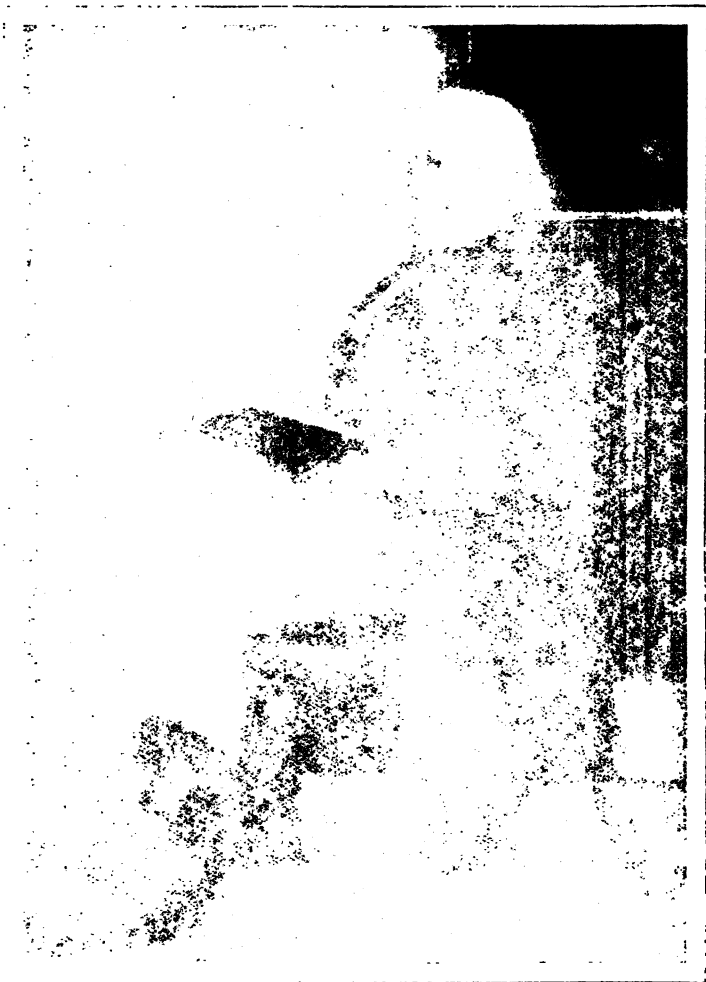
Arthur Henry Hallam,

BY

William Ewart Gladstone.

REPRINT FROM THE YOUTHFUL REVISION,
JANUARY 6, 1898

Boston.
Perry Mason & Company.



T. WADSTONE.

Companion Classics.

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ONE of the literary events of the nineteenth century was the publication of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Critics, however, conceding its nobility as a poem, have questioned whether the poet did not hold an almost mythical estimate of its hero, Arthur Henry Hallam.

It was eminently fitting, therefore, that "the greatest living Englishman" should revive his memories of the days when he and Hallam were boys together. To Mr. Gladstone's tender and convincing tribute nothing need be added. It will survive, a landmark of literature, side by side with the masterpiece which it justifies and adorns.

Arthur Henry Hallam.



AR back in the distance of my early life, and upon a surface not yet ruffled by contention, there lies the memory of a friendship surpassing every other that has ever been enjoyed by one greatly blessed both in the number and in the excellence of his friends.

It is the simple truth that Arthur Henry Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be, through this contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. Among his contemporaries at Eton, that queen of visible homes for the ideal schoolboy, he stood supreme among all his fellows; and the long life through which I have since wound my way, and which has brought me into contact with so many men of rich endowments, leaves him where he then stood, as to natural gifts, so far as my estimation is concerned.

But I ought perhaps to note a distinction which it is necessary to draw. Whether he possessed the greatest genius I have ever known is a question which does not lie upon my path, and which I do not undertake to determine. It is of the man that I speak, and genius does not of itself make the man. When we deal with men, genius and character must be jointly taken into view; and the relation between the two, together with the effect upon the aggregate, is

infinitely variable. The towering position of Shakespeare among poets does not of itself afford a certain indication that he holds a place equally high among men.

Father and Son.

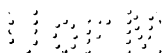
Arthur Hallam undoubtedly enjoyed very great advantages. The fame of his father as an historian still endures, and it is probably not too much to say of him as an author that he belongs to the permanent staff of British literature. His mother, too, was well suited by her remarkable gifts, however their display might be repressed by feminine modesty, to be the mother of so distinguished a son. But the time of course came when nature would assign to Mr. Hallam the larger share in the training of his son's mind. From the intimacy with Arthur, which it was my happiness to enjoy at Eton, I had good opportunities of observing the affectionate and sleepless vigilance with which he prosecuted his delightful task.

The closest correspondence seemed to be maintained between them by an unforced and spontaneous practice; and whatever the fascinations of a literary career, than which none in London was more distinguished, the father's eye was incessantly on the work of his son. For him he also secured the advantage of residence as a pupil in the house of Mr. Hawtrey, by far the best among the Eton tutors of that day, and afterward conspicuous for his excellence as head-master of the school, and as provost of the college. He did not, however, hand over his son to Mr. Hawtrey, but constantly and congenially supervised his studies.

Mr. Hallam read with his son and guided his reading. When Arthur had entered into the debating society of the school, there, too, his father followed him. Its subjects of discussion were usually historical, and politics found only an indirect admission, for we were excluded by a rule of needless jealousy and rigidity from touching any matter which had occurred within the last preceding fifty years. We were thus a good deal stunted in our choice of subjects, and occasionally obliged to seek out unusual paths. Once we had in our penury discussed whether mathematics or metaphysics were most beneficial as a discipline of the mind. Arthur had, without doubt, sent to his father a notice of the discussion on this subject, which was exceptional, and yet for us interesting. I remember the summary reply of the historian: "Your debate between mat. and met. is truly ridiculous."

An Unequal Friendship.

While intimacy was at this particular time the most delightful note of the friendship between Arthur Hallam and myself, I am bound to say that it had one other and more peculiar characteristic, which was its inequality. Indeed, it was so unequal, as between his mental powers and mine, that I have questioned myself strictly whether I was warranted in supposing it to have been knit with such closeness as I have fondly supposed. Of this, however, I find several decisive marks. One was, that we used to correspond together during vacations, a practice not known to me by any other example. Eton friendships were fresh and free, but they found ample food for the whole year during the eight,



or eight and a half, months of term time. Another proof significant from its peculiarity I find in a record more than once supplied by a very arid journal, which at that early period I had begun to keep. It bears witness that I sometimes "sculled Hallam up to the Shallows," a point about two miles up the stream of the Thames from Eton. Working small boats (whether skiff, "funny,"—such was the name,—or wherry) single-handed was a common practice among Eton boys, and one which I followed rather assiduously; but to carry a passenger up-stream was another matter, and stands as I think for a proof of setting extraordinary value upon his society.

"Messing" Together.

Another recollection more considerable bears in the same direction. Except upon special occasions, the practice was that the boys breakfasted, or "messed," alone, each in his room. Now and then a case might be found in which two, or even three, would club together their rolls and butter (the simple fare of those days, which knew nothing of habitual meat-breakfast), but this only when they lived under the same roof. I had not the advantage of living in Mr. Hawtrey's house, and indeed it was severed from that of my "dame" by nearly the whole length of Eton, as it stood in what was termed Weston's yard, near those glorious and unrivalled "playing-fields" (I speak of a date seventy years back. The stately elms were then in their full glory. I fear that the hand of time has not wholly spared them), whereas my window looked out upon the churchyard, with



the mass of school buildings interposed between our dwellings. Notwithstanding this impediment we used, for I forget how many terms, regularly to mess together, and the point of honor or convenience was not allowed to interfere, for the scene of operations shifted, week about, from his room to mine, and *vice versa*. It was a grief to me, in my posthumous visits to Eton, to be unable to identify his room, consecrated by the fondest memories, for it had been sacrificed to the necessary improvements of an ill-planned but most hospitable residence.

Habits of Exercise.

It was probably well for him that he participated in no game or strong bodily exercise,* as I imagine it might have precipitated the effects of that hidden organic malformation which put an end to his life in 1833, when he was but twenty-two years old. But at these meals, and in walks, often to the monument of Gray, so appropriately placed near the "Churchyard" of the immortal "Elegy," were mainly carried on our conversations. It is evident, from notices still remaining, that they partook pretty largely of an argumentative character. On Sunday, May 14, 1826, I find this record in my journal: "Stiff arguments with Hallam, as usual on Sundays, about articles, creeds, etc." It is difficult for me now to conceive how during these years he bore with me; since not only was I inferior to him in knowledge and dialectic ability, but my mind was "cabined, cribbed, confined," by an

* He performed, however, with his friend Rogers, the exploit of jumping off Windsor Bridge into the River Thames. (Letters of Lord Blachford, p. 3.)

intolerance which I ascribe to my having been brought up in what were then termed Evangelical ideas — ideas, I must add, that in other respects were frequently productive of great and vital good.

Hallam's Breadth of Mind.

This he must have found sorely vexing to his large and expansive tone of mind, but his charity covered the multitude of my sins. The explanation is to be found in that genuine breadth of his, which was so comprehensive that he could tolerate even the intolerant. It was a smaller feat than this to tolerate inferiority. But certainly this was one of the points in which he had anticipated what is usually the fruit of mature age. As life advances, and we become less vigorously productive, so also, by way of partial compensation, even the ordinary mind may become more thrifty in its dealings with men, and we strive, and learn as well as strive, to draw forth from every one all that he is capable of yielding. Again there was a saying, attributed in my day to Whately, about the way in which he could associate with comrades inferior to himself, and make use of their minds as anvils on which to beat out the thoughts engendered in his own. I incline to think that, with his moral kindness, Arthur Hallam made himself a master in this branch of art. For on looking back to some of his youthful letters, I find that he contrived to draw profit from the commerce also of other inferior minds, nay, of some which were perhaps inferior even to my own. I interject these last words, that they may help to relieve me from the suspicion of an affected humility, which I freely admit

that the strain of my present remarks may be calculated to suggest.

In a small volume of verse, printed in 1830 (of which I still possess a copy presented to me by the author), there is a poem standing as No. 1 of "Meditation Fragments" and addressed to "My bosom friend." Herein are contained lines which seem to imply something like a brotherhood, if not a parity, of genius. No name is given, but internal evidence admits of an identification beyond all reasonable doubt. In this poem we find the following lines, referring to the effect of a lengthened absence:

Like a bright, singular dream,
Is parted from me that strong sense of love,
Which as one indivisible glory lay
On both our souls, and dwelt in us, so far
As we did dwell in it.

Here is conveyed a conception of personal communion, which appears to be drawn from the very innermost *penetralia* of our nature. The person to whom the verses are addressed was one possessed of intellectual powers above the vulgar strain, yet by no means remarkable; but he was endowed with a capacity of tenacious, loyal and warm-hearted friendship such as is rarely met with; and it is an interesting fact of human psychology that there could be so genuine and close a gluing together of two young hearts where the mental powers lay severed from the very first by a distance really immeasurable. Perhaps it exhibits an interesting form of parasitic life. Clearly it seems to bring into view, by an example of Arthur Hallam, that, as sleep and food are supposed within certain limits occasionally to replace one another, so an unusual

ripeness secured for him not the notice only, but what might also be called the close friendship of Mr. Canning, that commanding luminary of the twenties, doomed to die at Chiswick in 1827 in the very chamber in which Mr. Fox had breathed his last only twenty-one years before.

A Debating Club Revived.

Gaskell found our Society, if not at the point, yet afflicted with a premonitory lethargy, almost of death; but he breathed life by his assiduity and energy into every artery and vein of the body; and gave to Arthur Hallam a worthy field for the training of his eloquence and the exhibition of his always temperate but yet vivid and enlightened ideas, stamped with traditional Whiggism, yet incapable of being permanently trammelled by any artificial restraint.

I have mentioned that we were inhibited from debating any events not more than fifty years old, and I recollect the growling of our famous Doctor Keats when we fished out from the Indian administration of Warren Hastings a question lying very close upon the line. But Gaskell was equal to the occasion. He had a small but pleasant apartment in a private house, which his private tutor was privileged to occupy. In this room four or five of us would meet and debate without restraint the questions of modern politics. Here we revelled in the controversies between Pitt and Fox. I think we were mostly, if not all, friendly to Roman Catholic Emancipation, and to those initial measures of free trade which Huskisson, supported by Mr. Canning, devised with skill, and supported with courage, in the face of a bitterness of hatred from the



FROM THE BUST BY CHANTRY.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

Arthur Henry Hallam

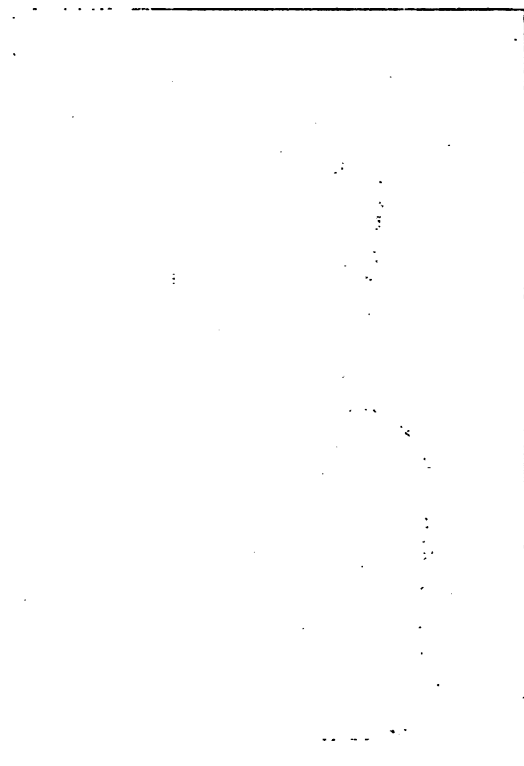
"harassed interests," which I think allowed at least mitigation in the later stages of the controversy.

His Happy School Life.

Arthur Hallam's life at Eton was certainly a very happy life. He enjoyed work, he enjoyed society, and games, which he did not enjoy, he contentedly left aside. His temper was as sweet as his manners were winning. His conduct was without a spot or even a speck. He was that rare and blessed creature, *anima naturaliter Christiana*. All this time his faculties were in course of rapid, yet not too rapid, development. He read largely, and though not superficially, yet with an extraordinary speed. He had no high, ungenial or exclusive ways, but heartily acknowledged and habitually conformed to the republican equality long and happily established in the life of our English public schools.

Democracy of the School

It was an equality so perfect that, though we had among us abundance of titles with appendages in one form or another to their names, yet woe be to any one of them, age, he had been a duke, if he had sought to add to these distinctions any other form or shew of privilege. We sometimes said among ourselves that they were a little favored by Taylor Keats, the head-master; but I think none of us seriously believed it. Happy the time and place, had all of us been like Arthur Hallam. Yet he bore upon him, even at this period, one mark, significant of slight, of the coming doom. On these occasions he would have to spend in his



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room, probably in the production of an exercise in prose or verse, those hours between the severed school-times dispersed over the day, which were more ordinarily devoted to recreation. I have sometimes seen him at the conclusion of one of these intervals; and it was always with a delicate but deep rosy flush upon his cheeks, reaching to the eyes.

Hallam at Cambridge.

To be the son of Mr. Hallam, the historian, was in itself a great distinction. Few men have cultivated the historic or literary muse with a more inflexible integrity, or held the judicial balance with a firmer hand when pronouncing upon controverted matters. Yet there were two questions, at least, which may be raised upon the direction that this wise and good man gave to the life of his son. Himself a most distinguished alumnus of Oxford, he sent his son to Cambridge. The mathematical studies of that great university were at the time founded upon the geometrical method, soon after abandoned for the analytical, perhaps not without some loss in point of genuine educative power. This great study was pursued under conditions, long since abandoned, which were somewhat tyrannic as toward other branches of mental exertion; for undergraduates were not allowed to compete for the principal honors of classical studies, unless after reaching a certain point upon the scale of mathematical distinctions, which was such as to certify a decidedly respectable proficiency. Mr. Hallam, in writing of his son's mental powers,* expresses regret "that he never paid the least attention to

* Preface, p. 14.

mathematical studies," and a certainty that he had capacity to master the principles of geometrical reasoning. And indeed it would be audacious to assert as to Arthur Hallam any incapacity with reference to anything whatever that lay in the region of mind. Yet my faith in his sincerity and self-knowledge almost compels me in this one particular, which after all is in itself of narrow compass, to question at least his practical competency.

For in his letters to me, written during and after the Etonian period, I find complaints, which are really touching, of the difficulties, almost the agony, which he encountered in dealing, for instance, with trigonometry; and his sincerity was of that rare kind which never fails to carry with it freedom from exaggeration. He adverts repeatedly to the subject; but I will only quote from one letter of July 25, 1828, when he says: "I have been tormenting myself with Euclid for the last five years at intervals, and get on like the snail of arithmetical celebrity, who got up his wall, you know how."

His Distaste for Mathematics.

I cannot but suppose, then, that the mathematical impediment was that which mainly prevented him from giving himself heartily to the studies of the university, and left him without a place in its distinctions. In the Oxford of that day, on the other hand, I can confidently say he would have had every motive, and every inducement, to apply himself to them with a whole-hearted devotion. For in the usages of that period at Cambridge, next to mathematics the pure refinements of scholarship were far more in fashion than the closer study of

the great masterpieces of antiquity in their substance and spirit. This feature of the system was some years later pointed out and condemned by two most distinguished witnesses, one of them Doctor Whewell, with his wide attainments and stock of comprehensive power, and the other Lord Lyttelton, who stands in the very first rank of Cambridge scholars of his times.

The Classics at Oxford.

The final classical examination at Oxford, on the other hand, apart from divinity (in which honors were not then given), may be considered as divided into three elastic departments of scholarship and poetry, history, and philosophy. As among these, the second somewhat outweighed the first, and the third the second. In each case, the examination turned upon the substance more than the vehicle, and the influence of Butler, which would have been so propitious to the mind of Arthur Hallam, was at its climax. I regard it as certain that, if he had been at Oxford, he would, by taking the highest classical honors, and by a thoroughly congenial development of philosophic power, have illustrated the annals of the university.

I do not pretend that these remarks conclude the whole case. Had he gone to Oxford, he would not, or would not at that period and in that manner, have known Tennyson; and the world might not have been in possession of "In Memoriam," surely the noblest monument (not excepting Lycidas) that ever was erected by one human being to another.

Nor is this all. He was estranged indeed at Cambridge from academical pursuits. Nothing

could be more gloomy than his first impressions of the "odious" place, in the early days, when he came face to face with the facts which showed him that he would have to abandon the idea of a really academical career. The clouds then gathered thickly round him; but he soared above and beyond them. His pinion was so strong that there was no elevation which he was not capable of reaching, no ether too fine and subtle for him to float in it.

A Great Experiment.

This brings me to my second essay of timid criticism. To interpose eight months or more of Italy between Eton and Cambridge was, in the case of any capable and susceptible youth, a great experiment. The agencies of locomotion have within the last seventy years been not only multiplied but transformed. We then crept into and about countries; we now fly through them. When Arthur Hallam went with his family to Italy there was not so much as a guide-book. It was shortly afterward that Mrs. Starke, under the auspices of Murray, founded that branch of literature, and within the compass of one very moderate volume she undertook to expound in every particular the whole continent of Europe.

A Visit to Italy.

But this is only touching the outside of the case. A visit to Italy was then the summit of a young man's aspirations; it now supplies some half-dozen rapid stages in larger tours, where we run much risk of losing in discipline and mental stimulus what we gain in mileage. When it

took sixteen or eighteen days to post to Rome, each change of horses was an event. The young traveller could not but try to make the most of what he had bought so dear. Scene, history and language now flash before the eye; then, they soaked into the soul. Men were then steeped in the experiences of Italy; they are now sprinkled with the spray. Its scenery, its art, its language, which it was a delight and luxury to learn; its splendid literature, its roll of great men, among whom Dante himself might serve to build up the entire fame of a nation, and its place in history, which alone connects together the great stages of human civilization; all these constituted a many-sided power, which was brought to bear almost in a moment on the mind of Arthur Hallam. I knew it, for I suffered by it. The interval between his progress and my own, always wide, became such that there was no joining hands across it. I was plodding on the beaten and dusty path, while he was

Where the lost lark wildly sings.
Hard by the sun.*

He was himself sensible of the masterful, abnormal power which Italy had exercised upon him, for he wrote me on July 3, 1828, in these terms:

"I have been, I believe, somewhat changed since I last saw you. I have snatched rather eagerly a draught from the cup of life, with its strange mingling of sweet and bitter. All this should rather have come after my three years of college than before; but nothing can cancel it now, and I must on in the path that has been

* Barry Cornwall.

chalked out for me. I have no aversion to study, I trust, quite the contrary; though my ideas of the essential do not precisely square with those of the worshipful dons of Cambridge."

I have not attempted to reproduce or formally condense from the admirable obituary essay of 1834, by his father, the short and simple annals of the life of Arthur Hallam. It should be allowed to remain inviolate. It would have been yet more culpable on my part to cover the thinness of my own recollections from the stores of noble verse presented by "*In Memoriam*," and long ago enshrined among the literary treasures of our race. I am aware that the one slender hope I may presume to entertain is that of casting a few faint side-lights upon a character profoundly beautiful. The strong sentiments that I entertain on the wonderful nature of his gifts in the region of thought, when combined with the qualities of his character, carry with them at least this one attestation, that they have stood the wear and tear of those years, now outnumbering threescore, which have passed away since his death.

His Power and Charm.

It would be hazardous to attempt additions to those accounts of his extraordinary powers, both in construction and in criticism, and of his immeasurable charm and profound affections which have been furnished by Mr. Hallam in his memoir, or incorporated there from the pens of friends, who were themselves men of genius. But a very few words may be ventured in summing up the subject.

As a learner, he bears in regard to the most tangible tests of excellence the severest scrutiny.

This may be seen by his translating, at fourteen, the Ugolino of Dante into Greek iambs; and again at a later time, but when he was not yet eighteen, by his production of Italian sonnets, which Sir Anthony Panizzi, a consummate judge, declared that he could not distinguish, so finished were the compositions, from the productions of native authors. The system of his day at Eton did not apply those stimulants to emulation which are now, perhaps in testimony of our degeneracy and decline from the standard of disinterested love, necessarily and universally employed in England. But any competent witness would at once have declared him the best scholar (in any but the very narrowest sense) of the whole school with its five hundred pupils. I have glanced at the causes which confined his exertions of Cambridge to the production of such poetry and prose as was not available for the high honors of the university. But in this world there is one unfailing test of the highest excellence. It is that the man should be felt to be greater than his works. And in the case of Arthur Hallam, all that knew him knew that the work was transcended by the man.

Studying for the Law.

After leaving the university, he betook himself, at his father's desire, to preparation for the law. In geometry there is no interest attaching to the result of dividing space this way or that; everything lies in the process of attainment and its healthy, bracing force. This was not enough for him. It may be that from causes partially analogous to those which had operated upon him at the university, law would not have satisfied or

allayed the hunger of his soul. His essential and invariable concern was with human, not with abstract interests. If he loved metaphysics, it was on their moral side. He was the indefatigable satellite of Truth and Beauty; and to this service he was sworn, because Truth and Beauty, Truth the first and Beauty the handmaid or *retelovos* of Truth, are the divinely appointed sustenance of the human soul. Religion (possibly after a brief period of wrestling) had, nay, could have, no difficulties, or none below the surface, for him; he was marked from the first by a warm and reverent piety.

A Great Light Extinguished.

And this remark brings me almost to my conclusion. When the appalling intelligence of his sudden death at Vienna in the early autumn of 1833, during a holiday tour taken with his father, reached us in England, I felt not only that a dear friend had been lost, but that a great light had been extinguished, and one which was eminently required by the coming necessities of the country and the age. Those who will read the "*Theodicea Novissima*," printed among the remains of Arthur Hallam, will be able to surmise the grounds on which my anticipation rested. But I think that of all the characteristics of his mind, perhaps the most peculiar was its moral maturity. What treasures he carried away with him to the grave! How much he had to impart! Something, perhaps, even to the poet and friend who has reared over him the memorial more durable than bronze or stone.

It was one, I think, well warranted by the

character of our wonderful century, such as it has been developed before our eyes. It has been an age, at least in Arthur Hallam's country, of characteristics so copious, so varied and so conflicting that it is difficult to sum them up under any one common and connecting phrase. But on the whole it has had for its prevailing note the abandonment and removal of restraints; and very largely, no doubt, of restraints which were injurious. The motto of the race has been, "Unhand me." Emancipation and enfranchisement have been at work in all directions. It has had vast developments of energy outward, sometimes constructive, sometimes not without consuming processes of disintegration from within. We have been set free from unlawful and (sometimes) from lawful, from arbitrary and (sometimes) from salutary control. I beg no question here. But as there is an undeniable relation between the freedom of the will and the partial devastation of the moral world arising from its abuse, so it is evident that the great and sudden augmentation of liberty in a thousand forms places under an aggravated strain the balance, which governs humanity both in thought and conduct.

A Needed Personality.

And upon my heightened retrospect, I must advisedly declare that I have never, in the actual experience of life, known a man who seemed to me to possess all the numerous and varied qualifications required in order to meet this growing demand, and even its fullest breadth, in anything like the measure in which Arthur Hallam exhibited these budding, nay, already flowering, gifts. It was to be a sensitive,

an exacting, a self-asserting age. To deal with it, to find effectual access to its confidence and the key to its affections, required the combination of breadth with courage, and of firmness with tenderness.

The Need of the Age.

The treatment that it needed could only be supplied by one who united an unbounded wealth in vivid sympathies with the keenest intellectual insight, and the sure tact which discerns and separates the precious from the vile. His death was, then, a grievous and, humanly speaking, an irreparable bereavement. But He who took him made him, and He who made him can replace him.

I marked him
As a far Alp; and loved to watch the sunrise
Dawn on his ample brow.*

Death of Hallam's Brother.

Such is the vision which has lost with the lapse of years none of its force, its fulness, or its freshness. May I add to it in conclusion a brief, but touching supplement. Mr. Hallam's eldest son was, we have seen, removed from his sight, at a moment's notice, during a holiday tour in Germany in the autumn of 1833. But, besides Arthur, he had a second son named Henry, junior by about fourteen or fifteen years. While he did not wholly reproduce the elder brother in the qualities which carried him so nearly into the ideal, yet he stood in the very

* De Vere's "Mary Tudor."

first ranks of distinction as it was and is commonly understood at Eton, and in our ordinary speech. Indeed, he had reached a point of advancement such as is not usually attained. In 1840 he was one of some twenty or thirty boys, the flower of the school, who were examined by my brother-in-law, Lord Lyttelton, and myself for the Newcastle scholarship, the highest distinction which the school has to offer. He was, I believe, the very youngest of the whole band. On the decision of the contest, he proved to be the second in merit; and he was carried home in triumph, on the announcement, by the generous enthusiasm of his schoolfellows.

In 1850 he had attained an age exceeding only by some four years the limit of his brother's life. During that autumn I was travelling post between Turin and Genoa, upon my road to Naples, on account of a young daughter's health. A family coach met us on the road, and the glance of a moment at the inside showed me the familiar face of Mr. Hallam. I immediately stopped my carriage, descended and ran after his.

A Sad Meeting.

On overtaking it, I found the dark clouds accumulated on his brow, and learned, with indescribable pain, that he was on his way home from Florence, where he had just lost his second and only remaining son from an attack corresponding in its suddenness and its devastating rapidity with that which had struck down his eldest born seventeen years before. It was terrible for him thus to have lost what he had loved, but it was a rare election and high

privilege to have reared two such sons for this world and for the next.

Tennyson's Tribute.

These pages had been written before the recent issue from the press of the memoirs of Lord Tennyson. That remarkable work must by this time have convinced the reading world that the great poet of his age was likewise full of greatness as a man. In the early portion of the work, as might have been expected, Arthur Hallam frequently appears. The simplicity, the directness, the depth, the integrity, so to speak, of the hold which he took upon Tennyson, patent as it is upon every page of "*In Memoriam*," receives an altogether fresh and independent attestation from these biographical records.

In Tennyson's estimate of Arthur Hallam's great faculties there is but one reserve. He thinks that his friend would have attained the highest summits of excellence, but that it would not have been done in the character of a great poet. It is almost an act of arrogance if I presume to agree to this judgment; but at any rate, I may say that I accept it. Yet not in the sense of affirming that Arthur Hallam, had he lived, would have been less than a great poet, but that the bent and bias of his powers lay in a different, though an allied, direction.

A Final Estimate.

I pass on to, and conclude with, a second observation. The evidence supplied by the biography as to the powers and promise of Arthur Hallam is copious and of great authority;